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Joseph Rowland

HERD'S
SCRAPS OF POETRY.

SCRAPS
OF
POETRY.

AN ESSAY ON FREE TRADE.

BY
RICHARD HERD.

KIRKBY LONSDALE:
PRINTED BY ARTHUR FOSTER.
1837.

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PREFACE.

SOME apology for introducing these "Scraps" to the public may perhaps be deemed necessary.

The author is perfectly aware that any one inclined to criticise may here find ample scope for the exercise of his talents. There are, no doubt, many passages, and many words, which a better scholar might have improved or avoided. It may be stated, however, in extenuation of any faults that may appear, that the author's pronounciation of some words is certainly provincial, and widely differing from the standard of WALKER. Moreover, as nearly the whole was composed whilst wandering

upon the lofty fells of Howgill, in his occupation as shepherd, without pen or paper, when the ear alone was consulted, and as he does not pretend to be a scholar; under these circumstances, it may be hoped, the flow of versification, and the language generally, may prove better than could have reasonably been expected. It may be stated, also, that it is at the earnest solicitation of many of the author's friends, and on that account solely, that he has been induced to permit the publication of those little pieces. To gratify their partial wishes, he has committed his effusions to paper: otherwise, they would have remained in the only depository they previously had — the memory.

As in the case of the poet BLOOMFIELD, the major part of these Scraps was not only composed, but committed to memory, amended, and corrected in the author's mind. And as many of his friends have asserted, and as it is

hoped many candid readers will allow, that it was great pity they should remain in such a treacherous and uncertain store-house as the memory of man unquestionably is, an additional motive was adduced for determining upon their publication.

Many pieces have been suppressed, but more have been entirely forgotten. The political pieces are meant to apply to *ultra* Tories *only*.

The author has too good an opinion of the ladies to suppose that they will take offence at any trifles epigrammatically introduced. He has experienced far too great kindness at their hands, and holds them in too high estimation, not to say veneration, to be desirous of wilfully injuring their feelings, shocking their modesty, or giving them a moment's pain. His highest ambition would be attained, were they to smile upon this little volume.

It may be said, that the author has

been guilty of plagiarism: this is positively denied. Though some passages have been pointed out to him as nearly parallel, and some thoughts as similar, he can, nevertheless, with truth aver, he had never seen or known them till after he had produced his own.

'These "Scraps," then, such as they are, are now ushered into the world; and the author hopes the world will look favourably upon them, and overlook all their imperfections.

HOWGILL,
March 1st, 1837.

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SCRAPS OF POETRY.

ON POETS.

'T is said that Poets still are very poor ;
That many to their garrets are confin'd,
And all their days compell'd to live obscure :
You'll find 'tis not so with a Poet's mind.
Though poverty may bind him to his place,
His soul is wand'ring through unbounded space.

Although, no doubt, there's some connecting
link

Which binds the Poet's body to his soul,
Yet many a time I'm half inclined to think
The body o'er the mind has no control ;
Or how could this such wondrous flights display,
Chain'd to a heavy lump of mortal clay ?

Old Homer's lofty mind oft left this sphere,
 And saw and heard the Gods in stern debate
 About us consequential creatures here,
 Arranging matters for our future fate :
 And Milton too saw something of the kind,
 Although their mortal bodies both were blind.

Some lofty minds in ecstasy will trace
 The great and varying wonders of Creation ;
 Others, confined in a more narrow space,
 Will sing the glories of their age and nation ;
 While many sing the seasons of the year,
 A theme to rural poets very dear.

Some humbler minds on humbler subjects dwell,
 And sing of flowers and fields, and rocks
 and mountains,
 And zephyrs, whisp'ring softly through each
 dell,
 Meand'ring streams, and little bubbling foun-
 tains ;
 Of feather'd songsters in the woods and groves ;
 Of lover's sighs, and cooing turtle doves.

Although such Poets may be very poor,—
 And suffer almost every privation ;

Each lofty mind can o'er such troubles soar,
 And feed upon the beauties of Creation :
 Though poverty below may be his lot,
 His soul has blessings in reversion got.

THE WISH.

I ASK not for splendour, nor power nor wealth;
 But give me, kind heaven, that blessing, sweet
 health:

A small independence I wish to possess,
 To supply my own wants, and a friend's in
 distress.

Next give me a friend, that will argue away,
 By his fire or my fire, an hour in each day;
 A neat little garden would give me delight,
 Where I'd spend half an hour each morning
 and night.

Of rural amusements I fain would taste three—
 Fishing, hunting, and shooting, I wish them
 to be.

Amidst all these pleasures, a dog I'd possess,
 Whose friendship ne'er varies in time of dis-
 tress;

Not like those false friends, who turn coldly
 away,
 And all disappear on adversity's day.
 I'd live near a chapel, where I could resort
 To hear a man boldly reprove and exhort,
 And point to the Fountain where all may par-
 take,
 But mention the terms, to prevent all mistake.
 If heaven should grant me a sweet temper'd
 wife,
 I know she'd enhance all the blessings of life:
 Take riches, take beauty, they cannot impart
 Such blessings as flow from a kind, tender
 heart.
 Should heaven shower on me such blessings as
 these,
 The world may divide all the rest as they please.

ON HYPOCHONDRIACKS.

SOME gloomy minds are far too apt to dwell
 Upon the many troubles here below:
 They think because our father Adam fell,
 This world became a world of nought but woe.
 This may be true: but still I will deny
 That man was made always to sigh and cry.

I own the cup of life is dash'd with care;
 I know that heaven has, from its bitter urn,
 Infused into this cup an ample share
 Of woes, which make poor man oft weep and
 mourn;

But then I know an honest, cheerful soul,
 Can filter pleasure from this bitter bowl.

Is there no pleasure in connubial bliss?
 You'll find there is, and of a heavenly kind.
 Is there no pleasure when your child you kiss?
 No doubt there is, pleasure the most refined.
 Although this world does oft abound in strife,
 You'll still find pleasure in a child or wife.

Is there no pleasure on a winter's night,
 By a warm fire, with pipe and cheerful glass,
 With some old friend in whom we take delight,
 An hour or two in sweet discourse to pass?
 If there be men such social pleasures hate,
 Their souls are really in a torpid state.

To see the wonders nature can display,
 To men of taste is sure a pleasing sight;
 To view creation's wonders in the day,
 And then behold its splendour in the night:

Whoe'er in sights like these no pleasures find,
Possesses but a weak, contracted mind.

There's pleasure, if the Muses should inspire
To sing the praise of her we dearly love;
They set the coldest, dullest heart on fire,
And then we feel what words can scarcely prove.
There's pleasure in a reverie like this,
Though some may call it mere fantastic bliss.

There's pleasure in the very darkest hour,
When dire distress prevails throughout the land,
If bounteous heaven should put it in your
power

T' assuage its rancour with a helping hand:
'Tis pleasing to a sympathetic mind,
To all his fellow-creatures to be kind.

And e'en in death, that dreadful, solemn hour,
If but our faith increase as limbs decay,
To feel that He we trust is safe and sure,
And will reward us on a future day—
Is there no pleasure in a state like this?
Let gloomy minds say, 'No,' I say, 'There is.'

ON SEEING HALLEY'S COMET,

Oct. 1835.

SOME wiser spirits long had thee foretold,
 But many did their prophecies mistrust ;
 But now all doubts are o'er, we thee behold,
 Proving their computations were all just.*

'Tis strange so many view thee with alarm,
 As something dire, foreboding ev'ry ill ;
 But for myself, from thee I dread no harm,
 For He that made thee can control thee still.

For is not he a God of truth and love?
 And has he not pronounced his works all
 good ?
 Do not a thousand blessings daily prove
 That "all things work together" as they
 should ?

Some special work kind heaven to thee assigns,
 Or why in endless space thus roam about ?
 Some great and lasting good the Lord designs
 For man, weak man, who cannot find it out.

* *Just*, as to the fact of its re-appearance is merely meant.

A few short weeks, and then no more, alas!
 Shall we behold thee in thy sphere to move;*
 Unless some godly spirit may thee pass,
 In going up to boundless bliss above.

SUN RISING.

The following lines were composed extemporaneously,
 on seeing the sun rise over Howgill fells, one fine
 morning.

SEE the soul of all Creation,
 Rising boldly o'er yon hill,
 With light, warmth, and animation
 The great Universe to fill!
 What can here surpass its splendour?
 Emblem of the God above!
 Nought can here such blessings render,
 Great dispenser of his love!
 All things made by the Creator
 Soon would languish, droop, and die,
 But for yon bright Renovator
 Heaven has kindly fixed on high.

* Its period is presumed to be about 76 years :
 therefore the present generation cannot reasonably
 expect ever to see it again.

It infuseth life and vigour
 With its vivifying rays,
 Counteracts keen winter's rigour,
 Regulates God's wondrous ways.
 Oh! how I am lost in wonder
 When that power I contemplate,
 That directs, and keeps asunder,
 Worlds and atoms in their state.
 Come, ye infidels, inspect it;
 Doubting sceptics, come and see:
 Chance, you'll find, could ne'er direct it,
 Nothing but the Almighty.
 When to death I must surrender,
 And its light no more possess,
 May I behold far greater splendour—
 The great SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN:

MAY 15, 1836,

AS PROGNOSTICATED BY THE LEARNED.

GREAT God! thy wondrous works are made
 With unexampled skill;
 All regulated so, that nought
 Runs counter to thy will.

If 't were not thus, weak man could not
 Foretell this day and hour;
 But so unvarying are thy ways,
 'T is put into ¹ s power.

Could we survey the mighty whole,
 The consequence would be,
 A thousand other great events
 The learned would foresee.

But there 's a day none can foretell,
 A most momentous day,
 When all that human wisdom knows
 Will quickly pass away.

An eclipse great will then take place,
 'T will bring an endless night,
 For all the splendour of the skies,
 Will be extinguished quite.*

Then bless'd is he whose righteous ways
 Secure him endless bliss;
 There no eclipse shall e'er obscure
 The SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

* St. Luke xxi. 26. St. Mark xiii. 25.
 St. Matt. xxiv. 29.

A STORM IN WINTER.

THE morn was pleasant and serene,
 And old December still look'd green,
 The sun shone warm and clear;
 But does brute instinct ever err?
 From this 't was easy to infer
 A storm was drawing near.

The horse came to the stable door
 Much sooner than his usual hour,
 The cows all did the same;
 The redbreast hopp'd in at the door,
 To gather crumbs from off the floor:
 These things a storm proclaim.

The sheep, quite wild but yesterday,
 Ran bleating round the barn for hay,
 Or get in at the door;
 Whilst others from the hills descend,
 To places which some shelter lend,
 Upon the lofty moor.

Ere long, the sky began to lour,
 The winds increasing every hour,
 The frost became intense;

And ere the night had pass'd away,
 And long before the break of day,
 The dreadful blasts commence.

The morning's dawn presents a day
 That would the stoutest heart dismay,
 The winds terrific blow ;
 Reversed seems heaven's dire decree,
 Not that the world destroy'd must be
 By fire, but wind and snow.

The raging elements contend,
 Large flakes incessantly descend
 All day and through the night ;
 And with next morning does appear
 A snowy desert bleak and drear ;
 Oh ! what a cheerless sight !

Behold the shepherd, with dismay
 Through drifts of snow, forcing his way,
 His fleecy flock to find ;
 His faithful dog his steps attends,
 Ready and willingly he lends
 His services so kind.

But for his tact, full many a sheep
 Deep in the drift its last would sleep :
 Look ! off in haste he flies.

The shepherd whistles his commands,
 A language Tray well understands,
 And with it straight complies.

From drift to drift with speed, yet care,
 He turns and turns, and snuffs the air,
 And searcheth all around;
 Now scratches here and there the snow,
 And barks, to let his master know
 Where they may all be found.*

The feather'd songsters disappear,
 Some warbling notes no more must cheer,
 For numbers must expire.
 The poor (God bless them! hard 's their lot!)
 Sit shiv'ring in their homely cot,
 With little food or fire.

If e'er soft pity touch your heart,
 Ye rich, your blessings now impart,
 To poverty around.
 The great privations of the poor
 Are doubly felt at this dread hour—
 Let mercy then abound.

* Sometimes as many as fifty, or even one hundred sheep have by this means been taken from a single drift upon the steep and very romantic fells of Howgill.

Perhaps the Power who rules on high
 Convulseth nature, just to try
 If we be well inclined;
 It may be heaven's last appeal,
 Our future destiny to seal,
 As we're unkind or kind.

Then let us at this chilling hour
 Not only feed, but clothe the poor;
 For, at the Judgment-day,
 For them who shew kind charity,
 Christ will an Intercessor be,
 And few need hope but they.

ON ANGER.

WHAT is it but an earthquake in the soul,
 That shakes the human frame from pole to pole;
 Impels the blood by force from part to part,
 And throws up fire and lava from the heart?
 What is it but an equinoctial blast,
 That lays our reason and our virtues waste?
 What is it but an emblem of that hell,
 Where all the Furies in confusion dwell?

ON RELIGION.

RELIGION, sweet ingredient of this life!
 Source of eternal love, and foe of strife!
 Thou reconcil'st us to all worldly ills,
 And help'st to bear whate'er our Maker wills.
 Though life with various evils may be fraught,
 Thou mak'st us estimate them as we ought.
 With Thee the hardest trials we can bear,
 The Shield and Buckler that repels despair;
 That props the youth, lest he should fall or
 faint,
 And manhood's passions keeps within restraint;
 That cheers the aged, and then makes them
 sing,
 "Grave! where 's thy vict'ry? Death! where
 is thy sting?"
 That works a wond'rous change in every part,
 Enlightens, warms, and mollifies the heart.
 Where'er thy heavenly influence is found,
 There ev'ry social virtue will abound.
 Pride, splendour, foolish fashions disappear,
 And homely dress succeeds with homely cheer.
 Thou shun'st all schisms upon points when
 small,
 Art all things to all men, like good Saint Paul.

With powerful sway the passions thou'lt control,
 And still the raging billows of the soul.
 By faith thou link'st the other world to this,
 And raisest lively hopes of future bliss.

ON MEMORY.*

OH ! that my mem'ry long may last—
 The eye by which we view the past ;
 The poor man's chronicle, for there
 His thoughts and deeds recorded are.
 When we grow old, and life near o'er,
 And we can plan and act no more,
 Our only pleasure at the last
 Is to review whate'er has pass'd.
 But should our memory decay,
 What once we knew has pass'd away :
 Whate'er is present, what is pass'd,
 Into oblivion is cast.

* The author has forgotten all but parts of a superior piece to this.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

WHENE'ER afflictions you assail,
 This comfort they afford:
 'Tis said that they, and they alone,
 Made David seek the Lord.
 Do not despond whene'er they come,
 They are God's chast'ning love;
 Afflictions wean us from this world,
 And raise our thoughts above.
 They are the soil where virtue thrives,
 The summer of the soul,
 The ballast of a giddy world,
 And folly's best control.
 If Sol should shine both night and day,
 And clouds ne'er intervene,
 This world, ere long, would be burnt up,
 And nought alive be seen.
 Just so, with man: if through this life
 No troubles he should know,
 His virtues all would soon be chok'd
 With pleasures here below.
 "Then let us cheerfully submit"
 To providential sway;
 That oft sends evils for our good,
 Lest good should lead astray.

May heaven sustain and give us strength
 In every trying hour ;
 But we must gladly use the will,
 Or useless is the power.

ON AVARICE.

OF all the crimes with which mankind is cursed,
 Keen avarice decidedly is the worst—
 The strongest chain that binds man here below ;
 The source of present grief, of future woe.
 All other vices with old age decay,
 We either leave them, or they go away ;
 But avarice sticks closer to the last,
 Adds strength to strength, until this life is
 pass'd.

The bound'ry line the miser will not see,
 'Twixt avarice and true economy.
 Economy, when rightly 't is defined,
 Becomes a virtue of no trifling kind :
 Like hens which wisely gather up the grain,
 Then to their chickens throw it down again ;
 So true economy ne'er wastes nor spends,
 But what it gathers, kindly gives or lends.

Not so the miser : while on earth he lives,
 He grasps and gathers, but he never gives.
 If e'er cursed avarice once taint the heart,
 Our virtues die, or else they soon depart.
 It seals our ears against the orphan's cries:
 No tender tears, no sympathetic sighs,
 Steal from the heart, or gather in the eyes;
 Our bowels of compassion cease to flow ;
 We live regardless of another's woe.
 And should ambition with this vice unite,
 They 'll ransack kingdoms to purloin a mite.
 Nothing but miracles divine can save
 The man that is to avarice a slave.

ON A REDBREAST,

THAT FREQUENTED THE HOUSE TWO OR THREE
 WINTERS.

WELCOME, my little friend, again,
 Thou certain signal of cold weather;
 Thou seldom ever com'st alone,
 Winter and thee oft come together.
 Come, pick the crumbs from off the floor,
 Whilst storms around thee roar and pelter;

And let thy stay be long or short,
 I'll never grudge thee food nor shelter.
 Short days, with long, cold, frosty nights,
 Ye redbreasts never fail to bring;
 But then, whene'er you go away,
 You pay your debts by sending spring.

ON HOPE.

WITHOUT a hope, man nothing e'er had done;
 Without a hope, he nothing had begun:
 If man without a hope had been sent forth,
 God's other gifts had been but little worth;
 It gives the impulse to pursue each plan;
 The spring of action, and the spur of man.
 'T was Hope that made mankind to plough and
 sow,
 'T was Hope that push'd him on to reap and
 mow;
 'T was Hope that made the mariner explore,
 'T was Hope that led him from his native shore.
 'T was Hope that made great Newton wisely
 scan
 Those wondrous things before unknown to
 man.

Through Hope, both art and science man attain'd;

Without it, we had still but fools remain'd.

When worldly troubles do the soul affright,

Hope always keeps some blessings in our sight;

It cheers us on, and sweetens every care,

And counteracts that worst of fiends—Despair;

It animates us to the very last,

And points to glories when this life is pass'd.

ON HAPPINESS.

How vain for man to search for happiness

In dainty dishes, or in splendid dress:

To think that worldly wealth and worldly
power

Can give content to man one single hour.

“Know—’t is enough,” says Pope, “for man
to know,

Virtue alone is happiness below.”

But we religion with the world alloy,

And thus adulterate our heavenly joy.

Some try in power and wealth to make it grow:

It never would, and never will do so.

He who to real happiness aspires,
 Must keep in check all worldly vain desires;
 For nature's wants they are but very few;
 If more we seek, then, Happiness, adieu!
 Externals ne'er could real bliss impart,
 Nought but a good, well regulated heart:
 That will perform what heaven of man requires,
 The end and aim of virtuous desires.
 Not all the adulation of mankind,
 Can draw astray a good and virtuous mind,
 Whose only aim is to please Him on high,
 Who soon is pleased, if we sincerely try.

A SHORT ROAD TO INDEPENDENCE.

SOME strive incessantly to gain their wish;
 They wish so much, they fail; then curse their
 lot.

A shorter and an easier road is this:
 Contract your wishes just to what you've got.

ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

HEARKEN, ye avaricious men,
Nor hearken merely, but refrain
From this debased, unmanly trade,
For One who "cannot lie" has said,
In Scripture language, full and plain,
The measure given must come again.
Consider well, and call to mind,
God's righteous laws (that all should bind)
Teach love to black, as well as white,
For all are equal in his sight.
Brave Britons abhor slavery,
Then why not Britain's sons agree
To Afric's sons their freedom give,
And let them all in freedom live.
Nor be the golden rule refused,
But use them as you would be used—
Justly, it cannot be refused.
And ere I now conclude, I pray
You well give ear to what I say,
The only thing I do implore—
Pursue so vile a trade no more.

ON A GLASS OF GOOD ALE.

A GLASS of good ale, you always will find,
 Its numerous blessings are such,
 Gives strength to the body, and life to the mind,
 But take care you don't get too much.
 If the apple the serpent presented to Eve
 Were as tempting as ale to my eyes;
 That she tasted the apple I well can believe—
 In me it excites no surprise.
 If we in the garden once more should be placed,
 Our innocence once more attain,
 Enjoy'd ev'ry comfort our parents possess'd,
 I'm afraid we should lose them again.
 The serpent again would entice us, you know,
 And if that his apple should fail,
 'T is a thousand to one he would work our
 o'erthrow,
 Did he tempt with a glass of good ale.
 Of this comfort of comforts too much do not
 take,
 If you do it destroys ev'ry good;
 The wisest of men into fools it will make;
 What a pity, great pity, it should.

✓ THE PRODIGAL'S PRAYER.

JESUS, if I'm not accursed,
 Save of prodigals the worst;
 The day of grace if not yet pass'd
 Save me, save me at the last:

Do my Intercessor be
 'Twixt offended God and me. L

If I to thee for succour flee,
 Perchance there 's safety yet for me;
 One doubtful effort, at the most,
 Is only so much labour lost:

Better far one effort try,
 Than eternally to die.

Jesus, I my sins confess,
 Clothe me with thy righteousness;
 I dare not meet my God divine,
 In those filthy rags of mine:

Do my Intercessor be
 'Twixt offended God and me.

The thief was saved by thy power,
 Saved at the eleventh hour;
 I yet thy mercy may obtain,
 What once thou didst, pray do again:

Do my Intercessor be
 'Twixt offended God and me.

A HYMN

TO BE SUNG AFTER SERMONS.

LORD, ere we quit this house of prayer,
 Thy special grace to all impart;
 And may the seed that's sown this day
 Spring up in ev'ry pious heart.

May meditation, through the week,
 Like showers upon the fruitful ground,
 Increase our faith, our hopes, our works,
 Till ev'ry virtue does abound.

Thus each succeeding Sabbath day
 New hopes, new joys will us afford;
 Till ev'ry soul be reconciled,
 Through Christ, to his offended Lord.

 A PETITION TO PROVIDENCE.

GREAT God of all the universe,
 My short petition hear;
 And in thy mercy condescend
 To lend a gracious ear.

I ask, like Solomon of old,
 True wisdom from above;
 That I may learn to estimate
 Thy mercy and thy love.

Though worldly wants by worldly minds
 Are thought a bitter curse,
 Great poverty of mind I dread
 Worse than an empty purse.

I dread a mean, contracted heart,
 Wherein cannot be found
 Room for a single virtue pure,
 Or sentiment that 's sound.

Oh! heaven, bestow a noble soul,
 A great capacious mind,
 Well stored with sentiments divine,
 And virtues well refined:

Purged from cursed avarice and hate,
 And from ambition free;
 For wealth and power are but the dregs
 Of true felicity.

True wisdom is the only source
 Of peace, content, and love:
 It sweetens life, it sweetens death,
 And leads to bliss above.

ON BEING AFFLICTED WITH BOILS.

WHEN Providence gave Satan power
 To prove if Job was frail;
 He took his wealth and family,
 But that did nought avail.
 To do his worst, then boils he sent,
 Nor didst thou, Job, repine;
 God, grant these boils may soon get well,
 Or patience send like thine.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

LORD, through thy all preserving power,
 I enter on another year;
 Whilst numbers round Death did devour,
 Thy guardian care hath kept me here.
 Then through this year, if such thy will,
 Oh! prosper all my worldly ways;
 And be my kind protector still,
 That few may be my evil days.
 Howe'er my lot is doom'd by thee,
 Oh! give a heart that suits my state:
 If rich, to set the wretched free;
 If poor, submissive to my fate.

Grant, too, that in the present year,
 The wars, that so distress mankind,
 May with their evils disappear,
 And peace once more a dwelling find.
 Convert the stubborn tyrant's heart,
 Make advocates for war, love peace;
 True policy to them impart,
 And thus may every good increase.

ON SPRING.

BEHOLD again cold winter's chain
 Dissolved away by April's rain;
 The magazines of frost and snow
 Are spent, and gentle breezes blow.
 The breath of life spreads through creation,
 While Sol assists the operation
 Of Nature's great and yearly birth,
 When all creation is brought forth;
 The earth resumes its pleasing hue,
 And nightly feeds on heavenly dew;
 Whilst Flora, with her laughing train,
 Bedecks with beauty every plain.
 The trees their leaves and fruit prepare,
 And all the offspring of the air

Come forth at Nature's call; you'll find,
Not one small atom lags behind:
There's not one of the feather'd brood,
But croaks or sings its gratitude;
And every creature in creation
Joins in the song of exultation.
The shepherds all, not long ago,
(Great hardship,) toil'd through frost and snow,
To seek their sheep: till cold intense
Pierced through three coats, that were to fence
Them from the storm, till they could find
The weakest, that oft lags behind.
The winds though hard, still harder blow,
Till all the flock's immersed in snow;
And they themselves, near overcome,
Had scarcely strength to reach their home,
And tell what pass'd. But see them now;
They gaily whistle at the plough;
While lambkins round them skip and play,
The larks pour forth their cheerful lay,
And all the world around looks gay.
This is the season of the year
When all the finny tribe appear;
Their icy prisons swept away,
They all come forth to search for prey;

They watch each stream with anxious eye,
 And snatch for food each passing fly.
 The angling tribe, of this aware,
 Straight to the river's banks repair,
 With rod and artificial fly,
 And ev'ry wily art they try.
 No greater pleasure need man wish,
 Than hook and kill a well grown fish,
 Besides they are a dainty dish.
 Pleasure and interest here unite,
 And make most men in it delight.

The larger towns and cities too,
 In spring pour out their motley crew:
 All to the country now repair,
 To taste its vivifying air.
 And courtiers, whom you'll often find
 The dregs of nature and mankind,
 Who lounge at Court full half the year,
 To poison their great master's ear;
 Who sleep all day, and in the night,
 Lay plans subversive of man's right—
 E'en these come forth to taste the joy
 Of what no courtier can destroy;
 Or doubtless, were they nature's king,
 They'd send us winter, but no spring.

Thank heaven, the Power that rules the whole,
 Decreed these blessings for us all.
 Let nature loud pour forth her praise,
 Whilst I assist, with humble lays,
 To sing the gifts of nature's King,
 Whose goodness ever sends us spring.

ON THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

WHEN young Telemachus permission had
 To go and search Elysium for his dad,
 He sought the king his father with much care,
 But wonder'd that of kings so few were there.
 If ancient kings were like our modern crew,
 We need not wonder that he saw so few;
 Indeed of wonder, if there could be any,
 The greatest wonder is, he saw so many.

ON NATURE.

Ou! Nature, how I love to gaze
 On all thy works, on all thy ways;
 And all thy countless wonders trace
 Throughout infinity of space;

And watch thy never erring skill
In framing all things to thy will.
But most I'm pleased when I survey
Man moulded out from dust and clay,
He does God's wondrous powers display.
Sages of Greece and Rome sure must
Have all sprung from superior dust;
And down from ancient times, 't is true,
Are scattered here and there a few
Men, whose merits are uncommon,
Such as Sir Walter, Brougham, Byron;
But Nature of her common clay
Both makes and moulds it every day;
Some into lords with narrow minds,
And various sorts of various kinds,
Such as accord with her designs.
What nature makes of all her dross,
You need not be at any loss;
Survey the world, and view each throne,
You'll find a lump on every one,
Except on England's throne, and he
Is just what other kings should be,
Friend of Reform and Liberty.
Here Nature made a lucky blunder,
And sent a good king. What a wonder!

LINES

ON BEING REPROACHED BY A TORY FOR SPEAKING
DISRESPECTFULLY OF KINGS.

If ever I spoke ill of kings,
 'T was for their wicked ways;
 Whene'er they do great noble things,
 I always give them praise,
 And ever will do: from my soul
 I like a great, good man;
 But, tory-like, praise knave and fool,
 I neither will nor can.

“ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.”

His late Majesty, King George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, used to say that he often rejoiced that he was *born a Briton*. After he became king, he told his Hanoverian subjects, that he was all *German blood*. When in Ireland, he drank their health in whisky, and told them he had an *Irish heart*.

SOME ancient bards have sung
 The wonders of their nation,
 How kings and mighty men
 Have acted in their station.

But never nation yet,
 Since Jove began to thunder,
 Like England's sons could boast
 Of such a royal wonder.
 The wonder we have got
 Is now on England's throne,
 Has oft express'd his pride,
 He was "a Briton born."
 Old England too rejoiced
 That it had been her lot,
 Without a foreign taint,
 A true king to have got.
 To Hanover he went,
 There made it understood,
 That though a Briton born,
 He was all "German blood."
 This pleased his subjects well,
 And loudly they did cheer,
 That they had got a king
 Whose blood and theirs was near.
 To Ireland next he went,
 To see his brother Pat;
 His health in whisky drank,
 (There's nought amiss in that.)
 But ere he came away,
 This comfort did impart;

That all his German blood
 Flow'd through "an Irish heart."
 A turtle, we are told,
 Is fish, and flesh, and fowl;
 Then sure an English king
 May have an Irish soul;
 His blood be German too;
 Nor need we wonder much,
 Should he to Scotland go,
 If flesh and bones turn Scotch.
 Who shews disloyalty
 To such a king as this,
 He shall excluded be
 From ev'ry earthly bliss.
 For what will he not do
 To set your minds at ease?
 When, magic-lantern like,
 He'll change to what you please.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE IV.

THE word "emancipation" will afford
 A lasting monument for our late king;
 Though many virtues more we might record,
 That to posterity his name would bring:

As Liberator be his name adored,
 His Laureate need no other virtues sing;
 This short inscription only need appear,—
 “The great emancipating king lies here!”

ON THE EMANCIPATION BILL BEING
 BROUGHT IN.

WHEN Wellington accepted power,
 The whigs declared his lordship mad;
 Tories, as loudly, all pronounced
 Him wisest that we ever had.
 Emancipation he brought forth;
 The whigs cried out, “And can this be?
 “He is not mad! we all mistook!”
 The tories bawl’d out, “so did we!”

TO LORD WELLINGTON,

ON PASSING THE EMANCIPATION BILL.

LET ev’ry honest man rejoice,
 That through necessity or choice
 Old Ireland you’ve set free;

The act is just and wise, I say,
 And be your motive what it may,
 'T is nothing unto me.

Your fame was great at Waterloo,
 But nothing near so great as now;*
 You're now both great and good.
 You've brought this happy change about,
 And set a people free, without
 Shedding one drop of blood.

Let ultra-tories, England's pest,
 Who measure right by interest,
 And all their selfish train—
 Let Eldon, with his satellites,
 Who long have lived on other's rights,
 Rave, murmur, and complain.

Emancipation they'll abuse,
 Because they know it will infuse
 New health into the state;
 'T will put corruption to a stand,
 And purify an injured land—
 And all these things they hate.

* Once for all it may be said that the Howgill pronunciation of words, such as *cow*, *how*, *now*, &c., is, invariably, *coo*, *hoo*, *noo*, &c.

March on, my lord, nor dread their hate;
 Purge all corruption from the state,
 And give each man his due.
 All good men will applaud the deed,
 And bless the man that Ireland freed
 From such a selfish crew.

TO LORD WELLINGTON,

AFTER JOINING THE TORY ADMINISTRATION.

OH Wellington! shame! thou hast tarnished
 thy name,
 By quitting an army so brave,
 To join a vile squad: my lord, you've gone mad,
 Or else you are turning a knave.
 By famine, 't is true, they've kill'd more than you
 Ever did with your conquering sword;
 More prize-money they've got than e'er fell to
 your lot,
 Though you've been a victorious lord.
 But there 's chances in war, and 't is easier far
 To plunder a friend than a foe:
 If this be your aim, I say, Wellington, shame!
 You have ruin'd your fame at one blow.

Though you've laid down your sword, with
 your Corn Bill, my lord,
 You 'll kill more in peace than in war;
 Though the process be slow, 't is as certain,
 you know,
 As the sword, and more horrible far.
 Then desert this vile corps, and frame Corn
 Bills no more,
 For Corn Bills you don't understand;
 Go, take back your sword, you're a soldier, my
 lord,
 And worthy the highest command.

AN INFALLIBLE RULE BY WHICH TO
 MEASURE GOVERNMENTS.

It is a proof made clear to demonstration,
 That knaves or fools entirely rule a nation,
 Whenever idle, worthless men possess
 Wealth to live well, and revel in excess;
 Whilst hard work'd industry can never gain
 Food half-sufficient nature to sustain,—
 'T is a sure proof no government is good,
 When loungers thrive, but lab'ers pine for
 food.

THE OUTLINES OF AN ULTRA-TORY.

COMPOSED WHEN WOODCOCKS AND SNIPES WERE MADE
GAME.

AN ultra-tory will, whene'er he can,
Ingross the rights of every other man;
He talks of rights divine, and rights of pelf,
But thinks none should make laws except
himself.

Though heaven for all sent kindly fish and
fowl,

An ultra-tory always claims the whole!
He makes a law, and calls the creatures game;
We 'll call them yours, we know you mean the
same :

For if a poor man chance to kill a hare,
(No matter whether with a gun or snare,)
Five pounds the fine, according to the law,
And pay he must, or else to prison go.
No matter what his family endure,
Upon the rascal must be wrought a cure.
And should the wretched culprit dare complain,
He then puts on a look of high disdain;
" Good order and subordination," he
Bawls out to them who talk of being free.

Corn Bills, like Game Bills, he keeps ready
made,

To raise his victuals, and depress his trade.

He 'll tax and tithe whate'er the poor possess,
And always makes their little into less.

In wars and taxes he has great delight;

Places and pensions he claims as his right;

The poor may work, and starve, and pay, and
fight.

'T is true, he sometimes pays like me or you;

But then he takes it back, and takes ours too.

If he to truth or justice e'er incline,

'T is always with a fraudulent design:

In justice's path he never travels long,

Except it aids him to commit more wrong.

I've often said it, and again I'll say,

That land is cursed, where ultra-tories sway.

ON SEEING A POOR RADICAL

NAILING A WINDOW UP WITH BOARDS, TO EVADE THE
WINDOW DUTY.

'T is very well that Tory power
 Could never reach on high,
 Or else the sun, and moon, and stars,
 That light us from the sky,
 Like windows here, they would have tax'd,
 To grasp celestial hoards;
 Till heaven, like us, had been compell'd
 To nail them up with boards!
 Then we had all in darkness liv'd,
 Till some reformer, wise,
 Revok'd the tax, and heav'n restor'd
 The splendour of the skies.

ON HEARING THAT EARL GREY AND
LORD BROUGHAM HAD RESIGNED,

AND THAT THE TORIES HAD ONCE MORE TAKEN
OFFICE.

DAME Fortune, thou'rt a fickle jade,
 Another foolish prank thou'st play'd,
 By humbling men so truly brave,
 To dignify each worthless knave.

Thy foolish freaks too often tend
 To humble worth; whilst the fag end
 Of men are raised to power and fame,
 To thy disgrace and lasting shame.

ON HEARING THE TORIES COMPLAIN OF
 THE TAXES.

A THING rather novel occur'd t' other day,
 The Tories of England began to give way;
 Though not long ago they all gave their votes
 For cutting at Manchester poor people's throats;
 "The taxes! the taxes! the taxes!" they say:
 "We must have a Corn Bill, or we cannot pay!"
 The taxes are great, there is nothing so true;
 But don't rob the poor, and let rulers rob you.
 If the rich man in hell such torments endure,
 For only withholding his crumbs from the poor;
 You rich men of England have great cause to
 dread,
 If you add to his crime by taxing their bread.
 I'm glad that the Tories have opened their eyes,
 Although their first effort is not very wise.

It will not avail them, if Corn Bills they have :
 Reform and retrenchment! there's nought else
 can save.

ON THE REFORM BILL BEING
 BROUGHT IN.

Now the state tinkers are at work,
 I would them all advise, sir,
 To make the kettle stout and strong,
 And of an ample size, sir!
 So large, that all may have a share,
 And not a favour'd few, sir;
 That Hunt himself may be constrain'd
 To say, "The thing will do," sir.

The kettle of the Church and State,
 Through time and much abusing,
 Except the tories, all declare,
 Is hardly fit for using.
 But now, at last, it is agreed
 For to enlarge and mend it;
 And all the aristocracy
 Are very much offended.

When Johnny Bull the kettle made,
 His family was small, sir!
 'T was at the time quite large enough
 To satisfy them all, sir!
 But Johnny's family, of late,
 Has got a great increase, sir;
 If not enlarg'd, 't is very clear,
 They cannot live in peace, sir.

CORPORATION REFORM.

REJOICE, honest Englishmen, all;
 At last, we've got corporate reform:
 Corruption has had its downfall,
 Without revolution or storm.
 Without our free-will and consent,
 No more of our money they'll spend;
 So, radicals, all be content,
 Their plundering 's all at an end.

Rotten boroughs have long been the door
 Through which vile corruption crept in
 To that House we will now make so pure,
 That if but a Member dare sin,

He 'll soon be expell'd from his seat,
 No patron now to protect,
 The system we 'll have so complete,
 That their duty they dare not neglect.

The people have long been the hacks
 Boroughmongers have long rode upon;
 But we've got these vile packs off our backs,
 So in future they must depend on
 Their own exertions for bread;
 No more from our pockets they 'll draw;
 I fear they 'll be wretchedly fed;
 They 'll as thin as poor radicals grow.

Fill the bowl to our blue jacket king!
 In health, wealth, and peace may he live!
 Reformation to tories we 'll sing,
 And then we 'll forget and forgive.
 United, who dare us assail?
 (Now freedom our loyalty warms)
 There 's nought can against us prevail,
 Not the world united in arms.

Since corporate towns are now free,
 One word of advice let me give;
 Let justice the boundary be
 Where freemen in freedom may live.

Each boldly maintain your own rights,
 But never infringe upon others:
 Be social, and let us unite,
 And live like affectionate brothers.

LINES ON TRIP, A FAVOURITE DOG.

IF Homer's lofty muse deign'd to record
 The interview betwixt the dog and lord;
 How that Ulysses' mighty soul gave way,
 That had stood firm on many a dreadful day;
 If meeting his dog Argus, tears he shed,
 And Homer hath asserted that he did;
 Then, sure, it can be no disgrace to me,
 If I shed tears to meet or part with thee.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THE wife best calculated well to please,
 In age, shape, dress, and temper, should be
 these:
 Her shape should be from nature's neatest
 mould;
 In age, let her be neither young nor old;

In height, let her be neither short nor tall;
 Her waist, by no means, either thick or small.
 Besides her age, and shape, and this, and that,
 She should be near as nimble as a cat.
 From affectation, heavens, oh! keep her free;
 Or all these beauties are deformity.
 As for her dress, let it be neat and clean,
 But none of fashion's follies on her seen.
 Her garb should be to screen from heat or storm;
 Not nature's greatest beauties to deform.
 As for those virtues, which I most admire,
 Good sense, sweet temper, is my chief desire:
 All other virtues, it may well be said,
 Without these are but neutralized or dead.
 Let pity make her feel for other's woe;
 Her eyes sometimes with tears should overflow;
 Insensibility, I hate it so!
 Last, and not least, I wish her still to be
 Kind to her servants, with her neighbours free,
 Devoid of pride and all formality.
 If heaven should grant me one thus to my mind,
 To all her little foibles I'll be blind.

DEFENCE OF A WIFE.

Foul scandal whispers, o'er and o'er,
 My wife has twenty faults or more ;
 But slander some folks will:
 Few wives, I know, have got so few ;
 She need not shame, she has but two—
 Saying and doing ill.

A CONTRAST OF DIFFERENT WIVES.

THERE is no greater blessing in this life
 Than a sweet-tempered, sensible, kind wife.
 There is no greater curse can man befall,
 Than one that never ceases with her brawl.
 With one we taste of heaven before our death,
 The other makes a downright hell on earth.

ADDRESS TO DEATH,

ON THE EXIT OF A WOMAN WHO WAS ALWAYS
 SCOLDING HER NEIGHBOURS.

O DEATH! the truth I will reveal,
 To thee we all most grateful feel
 For stopping her vile tongue.

Think not we charge it as a crime,
Excepting in regard to time:
Why let her scold so long?

ON SLEEP.

SWEET sleep! thou renovator of our clay,
That bring'st new vigour for the following day;
The source from which we all derive new powers,
Like clocks wound up each four and twenty
hours.

To thee the aching limbs for succour fly;
To thee the aching heart in vain will sigh;
In thee what pleasing visions of delight;
In thee what awful phantoms of affright;
In thee distinctions cease, or changes bring—
The king 's a slave, the beggar reigns a king:
Secure in thee, exhausted man is bless'd,
And in thy arms e'en woman's tongue finds rest.

REV. viii. 1.

“Silence in heaven near half an hour.”

It must have been through God's resistless
 power,
 If silence reign'd in heaven near one half hour;
 If woman's there, the thing does plainly shew,
 He has more power above than we below:
 To make them hold their tongues here one half
 hour,
 Would be a thing beyond all human power.

 ON A BED.

'T is strange so little has been said,
 By all the poets, on a bed;
 It well deserves their lays.
 The place to which mankind retire
 For rest and sleep, which all require,
 Surely demands their praise.

Poets have sung of fields and flowers,
 And oft of purling streams and bowers,
 Sometimes of that and this;

Then why not sing about a bed?
 Wherein it truly may be said
 We reap our highest bliss.

The reason is, I am afraid,
 That poets seldom have a bed,
 They are so very poor.
 Could each a feather bed obtain,
 They'd sing in Homer's lofty strain,
 And laud its worth, I'm sure.

For, oh! what exquisite delight,
 On a cold, stormy, winter's night,
 To be securely plac'd
 Betwixt two blankets, snug and warm,
 With a kind wife close in your arm,
 Embracing and embrac'd!

'T is my bless'd residence at night,
 Of sweet repose and joys so bright,
 A refuge from all woe:
 After each day of worldly strife,
 Amidst the various toils of life,
 To it I gladly go.

Then let the Muse record its worth,
 There is no other place on earth
 Can such pure bliss supply;

And oh! that my immortal part
 May from it take its final start
 To boundless realms on high.

ON SEEING JOHN A——

TAKING A TROUBLESOME WIFE TO MARKET IN A CART.

PHILOSOPHERS have often taught,
 And many a true divine,
 That all our troubles we should bear,
 Nor murmur nor repine.
 But preach and teach just as they will,
 John acts a wiser part—
 Far better follow Johnny's plan,
 And take them in a cart.

SCOLDING BEAUTIES.

WHAT pity such angelic forms
 Should subject be to dreadful storms!
 Or that a tongue should scold and rattle,
 That might endear by gentle prattle.

What pity from sweet beauty's lip,
 Such vile, provoking words should slip,
 As make poor man oft curse the hour
 When beauty caught him in her power.

EPITAPH FOR A GOOD WIFE.

THIS stone can boast as good a wife
 As ever lived a married life :
 Down from her marriage to the grave,
 She ne'er was known to misbehave.
 The tongue, which others seldom guide,
 Was never known to scold or chide ;
 From almost every folly free,
 She was what others ought to be.

FOR A BAD WIFE.

AFTER a very stormy life,
 Thank heaven, at last, here lies my wife,
 Beneath this heavy stone.
 If Satan e'er wish peace below,
 I really would advise him to
 Be sure let her alone.

But if he wish incessant strife,
 Then, Satan, take her for thy wife,
 She'll prove a worthy match:
 Make her hell's mistress; soon you'll see
 Your torments all will doubled be,
 New torments she will hatch.

ON THE FASCINATING APPEARANCE OF
 THE LADIES OF OLDHAM,

AT THEIR FLORAL SHOW.

FLORA! if to thy boundless store
 Of flow'rs were added ten times more,
 With beauties quite uncommon;
 Yet all these beauties will appear
 Quite cast into the shade, whene'er
 Contrasted with a woman.

A woman's beauty shines so bright,
 'T is like some sparkling starry night,
 When snow clothes all the ground:
 Or like the sun, whose dazzling ray
 Pops from some cloud about mid day,
 And does our sight confound.

ADDRESS TO THE FREEMEN OF
ENGLAND.

FREEMEN! once more take the field ;
Brave reformers! never yield.
Nobly guard what justice grants ;
Ask no more than justice wants.
To your forefathers 't is due,
They long fought and bled for you ;
And posterity will claim
That you do for them the same.
Never draw one breath in slavery,
Nor submit to trick and knavery ;
Watch, lest you be led astray,
Craft and cunning much can say ;
Nor let haughty threats alarm,
They can do you little harm.
Should the tyrants force employ,
We must bravely them annoy.
Sooner let your purple blood
Flow in torrents like a flood ;
Sooner let your veins run dry,
Than from your just rights to fly.
Rather draw your latest breath,
And return to mother earth ;

Nobly sink into your graves,
 Than become a land of slaves.
 Once for all, I you invoke:
 Never wear a tyrant's yoke.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

OH! Nelson! glory of thy age!
 The lustre of historic page!
 Fame long thy deeds shall tell;
 Posterity will of thee speak
 As history does of that brave Greek
 Who at Thermopylæ fell.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

GRIM death has got great Walter Scott,
 But one thing I can name
 Will death defy, and never die—
 I mean Sir Walter's fame.
 His thoughts sublime, will charm each clime
 Throughout the spacious earth:
 And Burns and he will ever be
 The props of social mirth.

ON THE DEATH OF A VIRTUOUS AND
PROMISING YOUNG LAD.

WHEN graceless youth fall victims to their fate,
Though all may pity, few will long regret;
For the sad stroke of fate, the sudden blow,
Cuts short their deeds of infamy and woe:
But when a youth of virtue and of parts
Buds forth to gladden friends and parents'
 hearts,
Virtue in youth is found so very rare,
Why not forego thy claims, O death! and spare;
That dawning worth may brighten into day,
And light the vicious into virtue's way?
But ah! perhaps, thy orders were divine;
If so, we must not at the deed repine.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. DAWSON,
OF SEDBERGH.

OH death! at last thy pow'r insatiate
Hath seiz'd this man of learning, once so great.
Whate'er was known to us or men of yore,
To all his comprehensive mind could soar.

In mathematics none could him surpass;
 Their greatest ornament and head he was.
 Of all the victims thou hast ever got,
 Scarce one so great before has been thy lot.
 The rich, 't is true, have yielded to thy sway,
 And wisdom, too, thou suff'rest but its day,
 While godlike virtue oft becomes thy prey.
 But he was wisest, best among mankind;
 Wealth, learning, virtue, all in him combin'd.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. J. SEVILL,

COTTON MANUFACTURER, ROYTON.

OH! heavenly muse, thy aid I now implore,
 To tell the virtues of a friend no more.
 Give me the powers of eloquence, to shew
 Deeds worthy of a record here below.
 Such deeds of virtue if all could attain,
 This earth would be a paradise again.
 To few, a wondrous few, has God assigned
 A mind so noble, and a heart so kind.
 Like some physician, whose discerning skill
 Can mix a wholesome draught for every ill;

So he, where'er affliction met his eye,
 Relieved its wants, and check'd each anxious
 sigh.

His workmen too will long regret the day,
 When Death the best of masters snatch'd away.
 Of temper mild, the best of friends was he,
 The very essence of sincerity.

'Tis true, religious zeal he ne'er possess'd,
 But always did what others but profess'd.
 And when the hand of Death suspended hung,
 And broken language falter'd on his tongue,
 His calm demeanour to the very last
 Shew'd, clearly shew'd, how all his life had
 pass'd :

For who can death approach with sweet con-
 tent,

But he that 's conscious of a life well spent.
 Oh death! why from his friends so soon be torn!
 'T is true he virtue's cause through life had
 borne;

'T was time such goodness should the heavens
 adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. T. FAWCETT,
OF OLDHAM.

THOSE social friends who once so sweeten'd life,
By death's resistless power are snatch'd away;
A little remnant only now survive,

To cast a gleam on life's declining day.
Another good, kind-hearted one is gone!

Like many others that are gone before:
A few strokes now, and I am left alone,
And all my dear connections are no more.

To outlive every friend that's truly dear,
To outlive every kind and social tie;
To outlive all that once gave pleasure here,
The thought would make a callous heart to
cry.

But, heaven, give length of days to some one
dear,

That when at last I'm sinking to the grave,
He may bestow a look, a sigh, a tear—
No earthly consolation else I crave.

ON THE DEATH OF OLD JACK CARADUS.*

ONE day in Lune, fishing with rod and flies,
 I saw a sight excited my surprise;
 I think I may with strictest truth declare
 That all the fish in Lune must have been there;
 And whilst I anxious gaz'd upon my prey,
 I heard—at least I thought I heard one say:
 “ Rejoice, rejoice,” the finny spokesman said,
 “ Old Caradus, our mortal foe, is dead!
 “ Rejoice that death has stopp'd his vile career,
 “ Or scarce a fish of us had now been here.
 “ How frail our lives were made by this old man;
 “ One day in Lune, next in a frying-pan.
 “ His artificial flies were so complete,
 “ The wisest fish could not detect the cheat.
 “ But, now, go feed in safety where you will,
 “ No danger fear, though many fishers still:
 “ There's Herd, and Ward, and Cragg,† at the
 Bridge End,
 “ And thousands more that fishing do pretend;

* Commonly pronounced *Carradice*.

† This old veteran angler, though now 71 years of age, caught, in the river Lune, with the rod, this present September, a salmon, thirteen and a half pounds weight; and another, four and a half pounds, with a line two yards long.

“Their art and flies are of a clumsy kind,
 “They can impose on none but those half-
 blind.”

To hear my name proclaim'd with such con-
 tempt,

Bent on revenge, my flies at them I sent;
 I hook'd the finny spokesman in a trice,
 And dragg'd him forth, whilst bawling this
 advice :

“Beware ! beware ! another Caradus !”

A LETTER TO DOCTOR WOOD,

STALEY BRIDGE.

DEAR sir, I write you this to let you know
 How things at present in this country go :
 Provisions cheap, malt, meal, fine flour, and
 cheese,

And farmers' minds enjoy but little ease;
 But then it answers well, say wife and I,
 Because, you know, we've all these things to
 buy.

Doctor, you'll wish to know what I'm about:
 Sometimes I shoot—in summer, fish for trout.

You then will want to know what wife must do:
 She fries my fish, and milks my little cow.
 And what contributes much to sweeten life,
 We live together like good man and wife,
 From quarrels more than ever we refrain,
 And, as at first, we still remain one twain.
 'T is true in her some foibles linger still,
 She always had, no doubt, and ever will;
 But then at that I never shall repine,
 I know your wives are all as bad as mine:
 Women at times are all on evil bent,
 So why repine at such as God has sent.
 Doctor, I dare not wish your trade go well,
 'T were an ill wish for those who round you
 dwell.

In such a case, pray, sir, what must I do?
 I 'll wish you well, and all your patients too.
 From saying more at present I refrain;
 Accept our kind respects, and I remain,

Yours, truly,

R. H.

A LETTER TO THE REV. MR. WHITESIDE,

WITH A PRESENT OF A FEW FISH AND A
WALKING STICK.

OUR Saviour's blessing on two fish
Once fed five thousand to their wish,
Besides a deal of waste.

Without a blessing such as this,
I am afraid, dear sir, my fish
Will hardly be a taste.

A walking stick I've sent you too,
To show my gratitude to you,
For kind advice oft given:
And when you leave this world of strife,
And quit for ever stick and life,
May you be found in heaven.

One favour I have got to crave,
Your fervent prayer do let us have
To heaven now and then:
Pray that all wives may cease to scold,
And learn to hold their tongues when told;
And I will say—Amen.

A LETTER TO MRS. H—D,

LIVERPOOL.

YOUR letter, and kind presents too,
Unto our hands safe came ;
Accept our thanks, and be assured
We 're grateful for the same.
Your sons are well, I 'm glad to say,
Study much time employs ;
And if they want a little play,
'T is natural to boys.
And as from damp you need not fear
In bed we shall take harm,
We are so seldom out of it,
We always keep it warm.
The statue of our good old king
Placed on a horse so high,
Will but remind you of a loss
His son will well supply.
As for the bacon you describe,
Which you could wish to have,
When the right season does arrive,
My brother will it save.
When speaking of your servant girl,
Of faults you name but one ;

And where's the woman, where, I pray,
 That ever yet had none?
 What news we have I'll now relate,
 Although I have my doubt,
 Except your patience be like Job's,
 You ne'er will read it out.
 To tell, in short, how things go on
 Betwixt my wife and me,
 Perchance we each may slip a word,
 But seldom disagree.
 The marriage contract we fulfil,
 But I will tell you how:
 She acts the part assigned to me,
 And I have hers to do.
 Why not protect your marriage rights,
 By you it will be said?
 Because 't is easier to obey
 Than get myself obeyed.
 Some by much strife embitter life,
 In hopes their wives to mend;
 Against impossibilities
 I will not thus contend.
 My wife, dear heart, has been unwell,
 Nor has she yet got better;
 One symptom I have just thought fit
 To mention in my letter.

One morning she was very sick,
Breakfast came back while feeding :
Methinks I hear you joke and say,
“ Betty, at last, you ’re breeding.”
Now, as for our tea-table chat,
’Tis not worth while to name;
For here, like ev’ry other place,
They whisper and defame.
When shooting on the moor, my gun
I burst, the other day ;
Full twenty pieces I have found,
The rest were blown away.
For my escape I grateful am
To a good Providence ;
No injury have I sustain’d
Of any consequence.
My father he is very well :
My mother very lame :
Except in age, your other friends
Are just as when you came.
Of deaths, of late, we have had none :
No weddings are there now :
Since passing of the Marriage Act,
I think they don’t know how.
Our troubles once did not begin
Till wedding-day was o’er ;

But, out upon this foolish act!
 It brings them on before.
 Your dog, you say, turns out a dunce,
 And this does plainly shew,
 Except in shape, it differs nought
 From those that made this law.
 The times, I truly may assert,
 Were ne'er so bad before;
 The cup of bitterness is full,
 And soon it must run o'er.
 Landlords do ev'ry one complain,
 And farmers cannot pay;
 Evils brought on, we all declare,
 By Pitt and Castlereagh.
 If but the tenets they maintain'd
 Instead of them had died;
 The land might now have been at peace,
 And each his right enjoy'd.
 Peace to their shades is my desire,
 Nay more, if I could aid:
 I only war with principles,
 I scorn to wound the dead.
 I'm glad to find from what you say,
 Your trade is very good;
 And may it long continue so:
 We really wish it would.

We wish you health, and best of luck,
 Till these short lives shall end;
 And then may blessings such as these
 Down to your sons descend.

When nature sinks, and through decay
 We quit this world of strife,
 May all our names at last be found
 Within the book of life.

That we, and you, and all mankind
 May heavenly bliss attain,
 Is the sincere and anxious wish
 Of us, who now remain

Yours, truly,

R. AND B. HERD.

A SONG.

MADE WHEN SERVING IN THE LOCAL MILITIA.

WHEN Buonaparte at first did threat
 To rob us of our bliss, sir,
 My noble spirit could not bear
 Such insolence as this, sir;

So to defend my country's cause,
 A local man I'd be, sir,
 Resolv'd most gallantly to fall,
 Or keep my country free, sir.

But mark my ditty, and give ear
 Unto my sad relation;
 The many evils that befel
 At Bolton, my first station.
 There, in the morning very soon,
 To drill we must be taken;
 No breakfast had we time to get,
 For fear of our poor bacon.*

No sooner are we on parade,
 And ready to fall in, sir,
 Than come a man, a sergeant call'd,
 And then the game begins, sir.
 "Fall in! Eyes right! Fall back! Eyes front!"
 Is his continual call, sir;
 And if you chance to disobey,
 You 're ordered to the hole, sir.

* The grenadiers were called bacon-eaters: the author was one.

No sooner are we formed in line,
 Than we must try each motion ;
 He shouts, we move, and then he swears
 That word was but a caution.
 And if we chance to move amiss,
 He gives himself an air, sir ;
 And with a regimental oath,
 Cries, “—— you, as you were,” sir.

Then we are march'd to grand parade,
 Where officers appear, sir :
 Words at this time cannot describe
 My terror and my fear, sir.
 For should you prove not very clean,
 Though you may think it hard, sir,
 It either proves an extra drill,
 Or else an extra guard, sir.

The next great hardship I endure,
 Is to be sent on guard, sir ;
 To linger on a bed of straw,
 That is both cold and hard, sir.
 Or, what's as bad, must sentry walk,
 For two hours at a time, sir ;
 And if I sleep, oh ! shocking thing !
 Then death rewards my crime, sir !

To heighten still affliction's cup,
 My wages are but small, sir;
 And what embitters it the more,
 They do me *notchel** call, sir.
 So when my beef and tommy †'s done,
 And not quite due my pay, sir,
 Then I am forc'd to fast and starve
 Till my next tommy day, sir.

For want of words, I have no means
 To give each woe a place, sir;
 Suffice it just for me to say,
 Mine is a woeful case, sir.
 But should the author of my woes
 But venture at invasion,
 The tyrant I will still oppose,
 And still protect my nation!

* A provincial word, meaning a person not to be trusted on credit.

† *Tommy* means coarse bread.

ELECTIONEERING SONG. 1835.

TORIES one day, in sad dismay
 About the Church and State, sir,
 Rode up and down, both late and soon,
 Their danger to relate, sir;
 "The Church," they cry, "they* will destroy,
 " You must for Wortley vote, sir;
 " Or soon you'll see that popery
 " Will cut each honest throat, sir.

" If Morpeth he elected be,
 " They 'll take the tithes away, sir;
 " Who then, alas! will teach and preach,
 " And for the people, pray, sir?
 " The Church must fall, no doubt at all,
 " Without the loaves and fishes:
 " Death be the lot of him that 's got
 " Such sacrilegious wishes."

With holy cant, the tories want
 The freeholders to blind, sir;
 Be on your guard, a sure reward
 In Morpeth you will find, sir:

* The ministry at that time formed, of which Lord Morpeth was one—Irish Secretary.

His honest heart will ne'er depart
 From what is right and just, sir ;
 He 'll purify, but not destroy ;
 Lord Morpeth you may trust, sir.

Each honest heart, act well your part
 At this eventful hour ;
 Stand side by side, do not divide,
 The tories keep from power ;
 Should they succeed, and get the lead,
 You 'll then repent too late, sir ;
 They 'll tyrannize and gormandize,
 And eat both Church and State, sir.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

Love without end is due to heaven from man,
 For boundless mercy in redemption's plan :
 This day reminds us of that great event
 When the Almighty his Beloved sent,
 To save a sinful and a fallen race,
 And grant to man a covenant of grace ;
 That all might have redemption through his
 blood,
 Who would believe, repent, and turn to good.

This day God's special grace was here begun;
 But don't presume henceforth that all is won;
 It gives but power to do what should be done.
 Not only power, but light us to direct
 That none need perish but through great
 neglect.

It brings repentance, and inclines the will;
 But man has still the choice of good and ill:
 Alas! the gates of hell stand open still.
 And he that trusts in grace and lives in sin,
 The gates of heaven shall never enter in.
 For all who do such doctrines maintain,
 To them Christ's life was useless, death was vain.

ON SEEING THE VIADUCT OVER THE
 RIVER WEAVER,

FOR THE TRANSIT OF STEAM CARRIAGES.

STUPENDOUS work! great monument
 Of human power and skill!
 A splendid proof Bett's * mental powers
 Can frame things as he will.

* Bett, the engineer and architect.

Could ancient Greece and Rome behold,
 By steam's propelling power,
 Man wafted o'er this beauteous work
 At fifty miles an hour,*
 They then would be constrained to say,
 Old England had at last,
 By this inimitable work,
 All other works surpassed.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

WHAT pity death should snatch away
 The greatest genius of his day,
 Whose poetry sublime
 Cut like a sharp, two-edged sword,
 Nor any quarter would afford
 To tyrants in his time.

In Greece he drew his latest breath,
 The fittest place to meet his death,
 And close his grand career:
 Great kindred spirits there repose,
 That sung like him in freedom's cause,
 A cause to good men dear.

* The rate at which the carriages go is incredible.

'T will recompense his worldly pains,
To join at last the noble manes*
Of men so great and good.
His corse may rest among the graves
Of kings, court-sycophants, and slaves,
His spirit never could.

Come, turncoat Southey, shew thy head,
Thy great antagonist is dead,
Who gave thee many a lash;
Come, write and dream, and dream and write,
Wat Tylers, rambling odes indite,
And courtly, fulsome trash.

* The author, being no classic, pronounces this word as one syllable.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON

FREE TRADE.

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THERE is no question that has ever been agitated among politicians of greater importance than this of Free Trade; nor one which, if settled upon sound principles, would confer so many blessings upon mankind. It would not only be beneficial to individuals, but to the whole human race. I think, therefore, any person, be his state in life ever so humble, who honestly endeavours to throw light upon the subject, is entitled to the gratitude of his own country and the respect of surrounding nations. It appears to me that the errors of Governments, as well as indivi-

duals, originate in a too anxious desire to prop up some particular or favourite interest; when their chief desire ought to be, to discover and give full scope and effect to that which confers the greatest advantages on nations at large. Without Free Trade, it is almost impossible to discover what our real interests are: it would be difficult to find out in what we excel other nations, and in what other nations excel us; but suppose all nations were to carry on a free intercourse, time would soon develope where our chief strength laid. If it should appear, as in many instances it undoubtedly would, that a mutual interchange of commodities contributed to mutual advantage, then I think it would be admitted that any Government acted unwisely and wickedly, if they should, by duties or prohibitory laws, destroy that social intercourse which mutual advantages never fail to produce. If, on the contrary, some nations should discover that Free Trade was beneficial to one party only, or perhaps to neither; in either case Governments might save themselves the trouble of interposing either by duties or otherwise; for where there is no mutual benefit, there will be no durable or lasting in-

tercourse. There is one thing which will be admitted by all—by good men in particular, with the greatest gratitude—that Providence, in his goodness, has bountifully supplied the world with a superabundance of every thing that can contribute to the comfort and welfare of us all. But then it must never be forgotten that God's blessings are not equally, but promiscuously, distributed among the various nations through the whole world. He makes, for instance, one abound in one production, another in another production, but collectively they contain all that is useful and necessary for the welfare and happiness of all mankind; so that Free Trade only is wanting to enable every nation to exchange its superabundance for its wants, and thus diffuse general and equal blessings on all the inhabitants of the known world.

But the doctrines of self-interest and self-preservation (ill understood) have so deadened the best feelings of humanity, that Corn Bills and other obstructions in trade have so far counteracted the kind and wise designs of our Maker, who always wishes us to be kind one to another, that, instead of a general diffusion

of all the comforts of life, we too often find a kingdom suffering some great privation, not occasioned by any providential visitation, but by that crooked, unsocial, anti-Christian policy which is adopted by almost every Government upon earth; some, from ignorance; others, through a spirit of retaliation; but always to the great detriment of the majority of the people at large.

Thus it is that persons are found who justify Corn Bills, because they enhance the price of grain, which enables the farmer to bring into cultivation inferior soils; and by so doing, making us independent of foreign markets. No doubt, Corn Bills have a tendency to increase the price of grain; but, instead of this high price going into the pockets of the farmers, it goes directly into those of the landlords, through the means of enhanced rents: besides, many tenants are prohibited from ploughing more than a limited number of acres: their leases thus counteracting and nullifying the Corn Bills themselves. Besides, such reasoners should consider, that by bringing bad land into cultivation at home, we are throwing better land out of cultivation abroad: thus in-

creasing the world's hardships, whilst at the same time its comforts are diminished. Moreover, if we are to be made independent of foreign grain, our manufacturers must be made independent of foreign markets. The old mouse in the fable, approved of having a bell put round the cat's neck; but dreaded the difficulty of fastening it on: and I am afraid, that those who see so many advantages in high prices, will find it as great a difficulty in pointing out the way to saddle the consumers with such a burden. But they will say—yes, Mr. Webb Hall has said it: “We are your best customers; if you will give us high prices for our grain, you will enable us to give you high prices for your goods.” But such reasoners ought to consider that prices are not so much influenced or regulated by the richness of particular customers, as by the general demand and supply. If it can be proved that Corn Bills diminish the general demand, then prices decline, and if prices fall, wages must follow; and if wages, then your best customers get poor; and in the end you yourselves will be compelled to taste the bitter fruits of your own foolish policy. For depend upon it Corn Bills

have a tendency to diminish the demand; for they enhance the price of food at home and reduce it abroad, and compel foreign nations to lay a heavy duty on our goods: all which circumstances operate in favour of their manufactures and against ours; then the demand diminishes, and the evil consequences mentioned above overtake us. We then discover too late that we have acted the part of the foolish man in the tree, who cut off the very branch on which he stood. To have provisions high in England, places us in a false or wrong position, by driving many from motives of economy to spend their incomes abroad. Now if our wealth be spent abroad, and thus industry be crippled at home, the consequence is certain. High prices cannot be a just criterion; were they so, idleness and luxury would be wisdom and virtue; for they diminish quantity and enhance prices: on the other hand, industry and temperance would be national calamities; for they would increase the quantity and diminish the price. The selfish may say, "we wish for both;" to have both, however, is impossible.

When the advocates of Corn Bills talk of

making us independent of foreign supply, they might as well talk of making us independent of Providence and all his blessings. England contains only a fraction of God's bounties; or why such complaints amongst Agriculturists of the sterility of this country, and the fertility of others? Can this be any reason why we should cut off all intercourse with other nations, because their superior soil, aided by a more congenial climate, enables them to produce the necessaries of life much cheaper than we can do? Such a proceeding would be like cursing the ground afresh, and the latter curse would be worse than the first; for the first, through industry, ingenuity, and mutual good will, has been counteracted, and in a great measure nullified; but the latter, if persevered in, will be ruin, without any remedy whatever. It would be madness thus foolishly to reject the bounties of nature, merely to enhance the price, and leave ourselves nothing of this bounty but the crumbs, for the sake of gratifying those avaricious dispositions who are regardless of what other people suffer, if they can but gain their own selfish and sordid ends.

Admitting we are incompetent to produce

food as cheap as many other nations, yet if nature has given us one advantage, of any consequence, even with that one, with free trade, capital, and ingenuity, we may be enabled to procure every other necessary nature or even luxury may require. In all civilized countries, individuals have found it greatly to their benefit to confine themselves to one trade or business ; generally that in which they have been instructed, or in which they excel ; and having intercourse one with another, they are enabled to procure for themselves and families all the necessaries of life ; and, if this be true of individuals, much more so then of nations, differing in soil, climate, and produce. Without Free Trade, nations in less genial climates must suffer many privations ; but with it all is plenty and perfection.

Others again are friendly both to Corn Bills and Emigration ; and the Tory Governments seemingly acted upon this principle by giving countenance to both. Besides, we have annual emigrations of a very large portion of the wealthy part of the community, who, perversely refusing that cheap food should come to feed the poor here, have no objections to go and

live upon it themselves; and, what is still worse, squander amongst foreigners the soundest part of our circulating medium. If such men had ever read the remarks of Junius to Horne Tooke, that a pound taken out of one end inclined the balance as much as putting one into the other, they would have discovered that eaters or consumers going abroad, had the same tendency to injure the landed interest as bringing food home, and far more ruinous to our manufacturing interest, besides materially weakening the physical force of the kingdom.

But, say the advocates of restrictions, we must not depend on foreigners for grain, lest at any time we should be at war with them. But to guard against an event with measures that are almost sure to produce it, is an error that would disgrace the most careless and stupid politician, and would be a violation of the plainest rules of policy and prudence.

There are others who justify duties on foreign produce as the best way of raising the supplies: as if taxing the foreigner was not an indirect tax upon ourselves, and undoubtedly the worst way of providing for the necessities of the state. I cannot help suspecting, that when

governments have nearly exhausted the patience of their own subjects with taxation, they resort to this system, and connive at each other, in hopes of deceiving their subjects, whilst to them it answers all the purposes of a direct tax ; but to their subjects it is attended with numberless evils which the other does not possess.

Many admit that Free Trade would be a national blessing, but are alarmed at the confusion that would take place amongst the various interests of the state. That some confusion might possibly arise, I admit; but surely the difficulty of getting right can never be a reason—at least, a good one—for continuing always to do wrong.

Much more might be advanced to illustrate and prove the benefits resulting from Free Trade; but to men of reflection, whose minds are open to conviction, and capable of comprehending, little need be said. To those who are governed by a spirit of avarice, and consider nothing to be justice which does not contribute to their own individual interest, and have no regard for the welfare and comfort of others if they can secure their own; to those I

shall say nothing, human reason and human persuasion will avail but little; we must leave them to that Power, who, out of stones, is able to raise up children unto Abraham.

To the clergy I would say, whatever may be the policy of weak heads or sordid hearts, you know it is your duty to be careful that your politics accord with your religion; with that divine precept which teacheth, that “whatever you wish others to do to you, even so should you do unto them.” This heaven-born command is in the exact spirit of Free Trade; and both the words and the works of the Almighty clearly demonstrate the folly of them who think that either nations or individuals can enjoy an equal share of the bounties of providence unconnected with the rest of mankind. Besides, the Scriptures denounce those who take bread from the poor; but Corn Bills have that tendency, by raising the price beyond their means. You, I am persuaded, would rather imitate the example of Him who led the people of Israel through the wilderness, into a land flowing with milk and honey—the glory of all lands—than assist and lend your pious influence in raising the price of grain, in order

to force bad land into cultivation; and, by so doing, act the part of Pharaoh to the children of Israel, who, to gratify his resentments, compelled them to make bricks without straw. You know you are instruments in the hands of the Almighty to hasten that happy day when swords shall be beaten into plowshares, and the lion lay down with the lamb, and the leopard with the kid. Corn Bills and prohibitory laws have no such tendency. They always produce national jealousies and quarrels; sometimes war itself. They encourage fraud and perjury, and bloody conflicts between man and man, and are the source of almost every species of crime.

Free Trade has an opposite tendency: it unites mankind, by having a mutual interest in each other, for mutual interest and religion are the two strong links that bind us together in brotherly love and Christian charity one towards another; and the weaker cannot be broken without injuring the stronger. I trust, therefore, you will not deem me presumptuous in cautioning you. I wish to see your politics according with your doctrine, lest you bring your faith under suspicion, and injure the

beauty of that religion which was given by Him to whom you have solemnly dedicated yourselves.

Finally, I would say that Free Trade would simplify the business of all governments, so that honest men with common abilities would be able to conduct the affairs of any nation, without being compelled to resort to men of craft and cunning. It would give full scope to capital, industry, and ingenuity; it would enable mankind to diffuse the blessings of Providence with greater facility, and make them available to the greatest number of purposes; it would unite nations and individuals in the bonds of friendship; and what recommends it more strongly than all, is its being agreeable to the spirit of our holy religion; in accordance with strict justice, and every high, honourable, well-regulated principle, and the views of every generous and enlightened mind.

R. HERD.

Howgill, Nov. 5, 1836.

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